

MURRAY - HAPPY VOYAGE - NEWBURY-PORT. [1785]





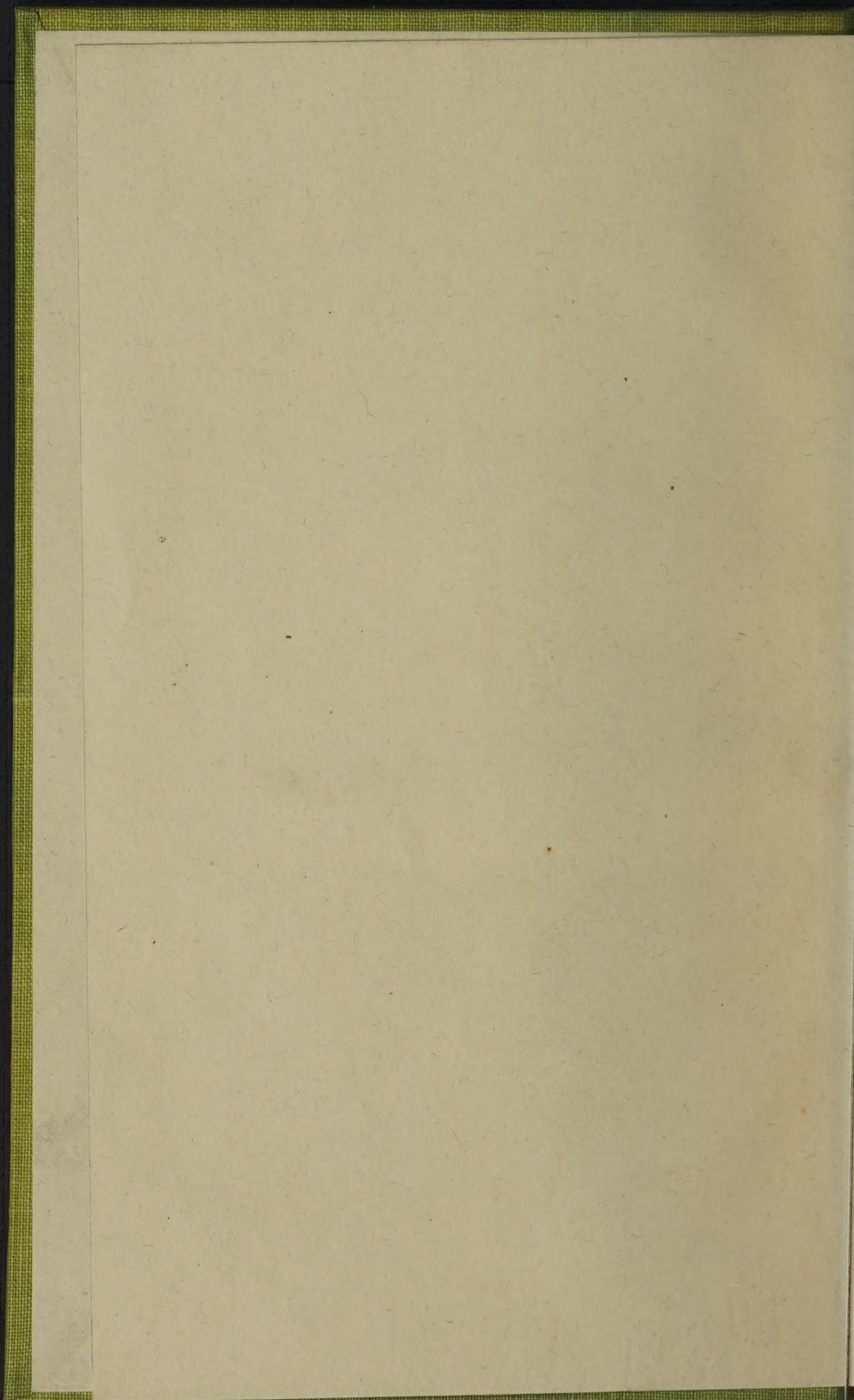


92

P268 M

1785

R.B. 1-3



19106



THE
HAPPY VOYAGE COMPLEATED,
AND THE
SURE ANCHOR CAST.

A

S E R M O N,

OCCASIONED BY THE
UNIVERSALLY LAMENTED DEATH OF
CAPT. JONATHAN PARSONS
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT SEA, DEC.
29, 1784, IN THE 50TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

PREACHED AT THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN
N E W B U R Y - P O R T,
FEBRUARY 27, 1785.

Published at the request of the Marine Society there.
By JOHN MURRAY, A. M.
PASTOR OF SAID CHURCH.

PER VARIOS CASUS, PER TOT DISCRIMINA RERUM TEN-
DIMUS AD CÆLUM. VIRG.

NEWBURY-PORT:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN MYCALL.

1785

СЕТ
СОВЕТСКОЕ ГОСУДАРСТВО



A FUNERAL SERMON.



HEBREWS VI. 19.

Which hope we have as an anchor of the Soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.

HOW beautiful and striking are the figures of sacred writ ! And kind were the condescensions of its adorable Author in using them. In compassion to the eye of human intellect, weak in itself, but made still weaker by that guilty lapse which at once extinguished the candle of the **LORD** within, he never lets down divine

divine light upon it, without a veil—he stoops to talk with us after the manner of men. Intending to enlighten the understanding, while he reforms the heart, he lowers spiritual objects gently down within the ken of mortals. Attentive to the state of our shattered faculties, he clothes, in a familiar dress, things which, if presented in their naked essence, would rather dazzle than instruct: Conscious that their native lustre, insufferable to the sense of creatures so degenerate, would astonish without entertaining, would confound, but not improve.

OBVIOUS is the occasion for this remark, furnished by the sacred sentence which stands at the head of this discourse. It carries an elegant allusion to the **HOLY OF HOLIES** in the Jewish temple. That inmost apartment of the venerable structure was separated from the rest, by a curtain of costly materials, and curious workmanship, which concealed, even from the eyes of the priests who served at the altar, the ark of the covenant, the throne of mercy, and the other mysterious furniture of that most holy place. Into it no entrance was permitted,

ted, except to the High Priest alone ; and he enjoyed that privilege, only on the day of the anniversary atonement. This impenetrable recess was formed as a type of heaven. Like it, that glorious mansion of the Deity was veiled from human sight, not only by the film on the depraved eye, but even by the darkness of the symbols then used to represent the object, and the weakness of the means employed to cure and to assist the sense. Invisible was the hand by which this veil was rent from top to bottom, and memorable the occasion of it. It was at that awful hour, when the expiring JESUS finished the typical dispensation : and having, together with his life and soul, poured out that precious all-atoning blood which cleanseth from all sin, he made his solemn entry into the presence-chamber on high ; carrying with him the indelible marks of that wondrous sacrifice : in virtue whereof he ever continues to sustain the character of the advocate of his redeemed, and the High Priest of their Profession.

THENCEFORA was the veil withdrawn. All the glories of the heavenly house were open to the eye
of

of faith ; and all its bliss accessible to believing sinners in every clime. The everlasting doors were unbarred, and all nations invited to enter and partake of the unspeakable enjoyments there ; even as the cities of refuge in the holy land, whose gates were never shut, were ever bidding welcome to the endangered fugitive, from whatever place he sped his way. Stripped of the disguise of shading types, heavenly things are represented through a fair mirroir in the gospel, and become the objects of most ardent desire. Nor shall the longing soul remain unsatisfied. The passage is opened by the great Fore-runner. The way is made plain : and the great realities of the house not made with hands, may now be considered as the objects of HOPE.

IT is in reference to this glorious truth, that the Apostle here speaks of *that within the veil*. To set it in the most pleasing light, he employs the affecting figures in the text. Perusing it with attention, we are made to contemplate the faithful soul as some stately ship, richly laden, sailing for the *fair haven* of celestial bliss ; and after the tossings of

a boisterous voyage, safely reaching the desired port : Yes, even before admittance into the harbour of rest, riding at anchor at the harbour's mouth, securely defying alike the roaring billows and surrounding rocks.

THE anchor by which it rides is here explained as the *gospel-hope*. This, to many, seems to point to CHRIST himself : and deservedly has he been styled the believer's hope ; as his glorious righteousness and perfect mediation are the only just ground of any sinner's hope of justification and eternal life.— In this view he is exhibited in the gospel ; and so may be called *the hope set before us* : to him, as such, the despairing sinner *flees for refuge* : and on him for this end the believer's faith *lays hold*. Thus an easy sense is found in that clause of the text which tells us, that this hope entereth into that within the veil.

THIS exposition, however, will not exclude that which considers hope in an objective sense, as denoting the good things hoped for, and to be enjoyed within the veil ; nor hinder our agreeing with

the interpreters who choose to explain it of the grace of hope itself, as actually exercised in the believing heart; this may most naturally be called a *hope which we have*. Nor will its being said to enter within the veil, form any objection against this interpretation; in as much as the objects there are realized by it, and, by a happy anticipation, in a measure, already enjoyed.

Not designing to wink out of sight either of the other senses, we deem it fair to give this early warning, that it is to the last we give the preference; and to it mean chiefly to adhere in the sequel of this discourse. In this view, then, let the meaning and propriety of the figures in the text be laid open; that through them we may come at the improvement now designed. And, for this purpose, suffer me to consider

I. In what respects the souls of believers here on earth may be compared to a Ship. And

II. How the hope of the gospel may be said to serve that ship as her sheet-anchor.

I. In

I. In what respects they are set forth by the emblem of a SHIP.

EVIDENT it is, that such is the allusion designed in the text; since that only can justify the writer in applying an *anchor* to the soul. Anchors are a sort of utensils peculiar to vessels that float on the watery element. To whatever object they are assigned as a necessary appurtenance, that we are directed to contemplate under the notion of a ship; understanding that appellation, in the mean time, as common to all sorts of vessels used for navigation.

NOR can it reasonably be denied, that this whole speech relates peculiarly to believing souls, and that, only during their present embodied state; for of such only can it be affirmed, that GOD has given them the *promise*—ratified that *promise* by *an oath*—and secured them *strong consolation* thence. To such only it belongs to *have fled* to the gospel-*refuge*—or laid hold of the hope there set before them. These alone can be said to have that hope sure and stedfast. None else can claim a sure interest in JESUS as *entered* into heaven *for them*, either as

their

their *fore-runner*, or their *high priest*: for, of these two relations, the one supposes followers, who occupy the way which he hath cleared, and arrive at the mansion which he has taken up for them; and in the other is implied, a connexion with a party reconciled to GOD by his sacrifice, and preparing for glory by virtue of his intercession.

BETWEEN ships and souls no parallel can be run, with regard to any similarity in their natures, or original frame. The one is a piece of inert matter, fashioned by human skill; the other a spirit created immediately by the hand of the ALMIGHTY: * that is visible and perishing; this cannot be perceived by organs of sense,—nor suffer dissolution at the death of the body. Simplicity of nature must ever ensure immortality; under a government where the annihilation of a created being can take no place. † Yet,

NUMEROUS are the circumstances in which the parallel will hold: and in them the propriety of the metaphor is very apparent. On some of these, then,

then, let us fix our contemplations for a moment. And, on *some* only. For the time would fail to review the several parts of this curious machine, and trace the beauty of accommodating their respective uses to those of the faculties of a rational soul; or to the graces of one when regenerated and sanctified by the SPIRIT of GOD. Pleasant and entertaining as it might be to consider how this *metaphorical ship* uses conscience for its helm—the understanding—judgment—and reason for its masts—and makes sails of its affections;—How education supplies the place of carving and gilding;—how the passions often founder it, by carrying too much sail;—how pride oversets it, by rigging too taunt—or how assumed professions deceive and ruin many, by hanging out false colours and failing under a flag, under which they mean not to fight;—all such things must now be waved. To enter into them, must be the labor of a volume, rather than of a single discourse. But,

It is impossible to avoid pausing, to admire the excellence of the model of this curious work of God :

God: surpassing all the other known parts of the lower world, as far as a well-built ship exceeds every other work of art performed by man.

NOR can any words sufficiently deplore that guilty lapse of human nature, by which this vessel of honor, was, at its first launching into the ocean of life, dashed to pieces on the rock of presumption ;—and there, in an unhappy moment, cast away, and condemned as utterly unfit for service ! Alas ! Adam, how poor a pilot is man ! And how great the hazard of trusting his soul to his own keeping, at his best estate.

How glorious, then, was the grace of the generous owner ; that, instead of setting fire to the wreck, as might have been expected, was pleased to resolve on repairing its ruins : and, that although he well knew the scheme of re-building this would cost infinitely more than building a new one. That could have been done by a word : this must expend the best treasure in heaven. It must cost the life of the great proprietor's *only and well-LOVED SON.* O, astonishing love ! that could set such value on a thing

thing now become unworthy of his care ; fitted only to be left the darksome den of wild and furious beasts, or the dreary abode of every unclean bird !

FROM the resources of power and skill in that Holy Spirit, who was the divine undertaker of this work, as well as from the infinite price laid down to defray the expence, reason would conclude that, in re-building the moral powers of a soul depraved and shipwrecked in Adam, but redeemed by *Christ*, no pains will be spared—no part overlooked—nor any thing omitted which was necessary to finish a-new this wondrous piece, on which JEHOVAH's heart was so strangely set ; and to make the glory of the second structure greater than that of the first.

NOR was the expectation disappointed. For every material was purchased by IMMANUEL's blood ; and is now laid in bountifully by the gracious owner. The Almighty Spirit begins the building ; every piece is hewn by the law in a work of conviction—every faculty purged from sin and guilt by the great atonement, received by faith—every plank bent by the fire of divine love—all renewed and

and fitted to their place and use, by the invincible energy of sovereign grace ; and the fabric finished in every part according to the model drawn in the council of peace—and published in the gospel—which is now opened on the mental eye by divine illumination, willingly received into the heart, and leaves its impress and image there. It is true, in regeneration nothing is perfected to the degree finally intended ; the progressive work of sanctification is still wanted to finish all ; yet, even in this first act of omnipotent grace, the principle of every holy and virtuous exercise is supplied, and every part of the new creature formed.

DESTINED for a voyage every way important, and in seas where many dangers must be faced ; this new-built vessel will find nothing more needful than a good *bottom*. If faith is not of the right sort—if its articles, which serve as planks and timbers to the ship, are rotten, or unsound at heart—if they are not consistent with each other, and shaped so as to fay compactly together ; or—if each is not well secured by bolts of the durable metal of

eternal

eternal truth, brought from the mine of divine revelation—and if all is not caulked by the powerful cement of divine love and redeeming blood ; in a word—if CHRIST is not the sole foundation, and his finished righteousness the grand security, on the slightest strokes of trial the seams open, or the vessel bilges, and all on board is lost.

By active conversion the redeemed soul is launched into the deeps. From that hour she begins to move in a new element. The farther she proceeds, the greater depths surround and amaze her. Depths of divine counsels now appear, hitherto unknown, and still unfathomable by any creature's line ;—depths of latent corruptions within herself terrible, yet unexplored ; every glimpse of which, at once, humbles and affrights ;—depths of divine Providence, too, where mercies and judgments—dangers and deliverances rise up to view, and all appear mysterious and inexplicable. She floats on an ocean of trouble and distress. Here, temptations set fire to the appetite—there, the worms of remaining corruption gnaw through the resolution,

or destroy the bottom. Anon, divine desertions leave her lost in the fogs of darkness, doubts and fears—deep calls unto deep. Dangers croud thick. Woes tread on each other's heels ;—and wave follows wave !—Nor let us think our disasters singular, because we meet with these. From all experiences of this sort none is exempted who tries the ocean-fwell. If they are mitigated, let our thankfulness encrease: and when the trouble becomes heavier—let it wean us more effectually from all below—and kindle in our breasts more ardent longings for the sweet serene above. Nor may the christian repine at his afflictions :—he could not do without them :—no mean is oftener made effectual to break the force of inbred evils, and lay idols in the dust; even as the boiling of the furnace while it keeps the metal in commotion—separates the dross—and the unceasing trouble of the restless ocean is necessary to keep its waters pure. Contemplating the fickleness of this inconstant world, let us not overlook the useful instructions we may gather from it. Whilst we behold it like the unquiet ocean in perpetual flux, now flowing, and now ebbing---

bing—we know not how;—at this moment rising to the highest pitch; and falling, the next, to the lowest degree, we cannot tell why;—let not a prosperous tide of fortune puff us up—nor carking care torment us when dejected. Equanimity, in all cases, becomes the man who owns a Providence. He knows that the God who sets bounds to the foaming deep, can quickly change the horizon—and will not fail to limit his distress and comfort with the exactest fitness.

BOUND to take her trial on this restless element, the ship we consider, must not only be furnished with upper works suited to such a bottom; but provided too with every needful instrument, before she puts to sea. And, O! what kind attention has her gracious owner paid, that nothing necessary be lacking.

A *Compass*, rightly touched and incapable of variation, is afforded in the sacred scriptures; and by this her way may be safely directed, in the darkest night. By divine illumination the believer is furnished with a *Quadrant*, by which to take the sun, and

and enabled thus to discover his own latitude, or distance from the *line* of rectitude and steady light; but in vain shall the most experienced seaman apply this excellent instrument, unless the sun shines, and the horizon is clear. Ah! how many hath satan decoyed to accept of his pilotage, and steer by his direction, until he had led them far out of their course, and tolled them on to the mouth of the gulph of despondency—where nothing appeared but rocks on one hand, and quick-sands on the other:—and all this by his having first persuaded them to neglect the use of their quadrant to examine and mark their true situation, whilst the sun of righteousness shone bright on their souls: and then by urging them to draw hasty conclusions from the failure of all attempts to use it—when clouds and darkness are round about them! The *Spy-glass* of faith may serve to discover the aspects of the starry heavens—to descry the approaches of an enemy—and to bring near the land that is far off. Whilst the means of self-examination supply the believing soul with a *Log-line* and *Lead*, by which it may daily found the waters---may take account of its way,

and

and find its longitude, and distance, both from the place of its departure, and the desired port. Longing expectation of the blest moment of arrival there sets up a *Sand-glass*, by which we are taught to mark the hours as they pass—to redeem the time—knowing we must reckon for it—and sensible that not one hour must pass unmarked in the journal of our voyage. Hereby we are admonished of the minute when the *watch* must be renewed; lest the steers-man sleep—the hands slacken their diligence in duty—the vessel lose its way, and storms or enemies catch her unprepared. Precious time! how hasty thy flight! And how important too: an eternity depending on every waving of thy wing! O, that christians would more steadily consult their falling sands, and renew their watch more frequently! Words cannot express what many have lost by an unwatchful hour. Ah! David, for this thy penitential agonies! and, Peter, thy throbbing heart and bitter weepings, paid down for this a painful price!

BUT to try the *Pump*, will be no less necessary at every hour, than it is to shift the watch at the appointed

pointed moment: and for this purpose, the eye of sincere repentance, which goes down to the bottom of the heart, and weeps out the stinking bilge-water of every lust; answers as the *Pump-rod*, which first descends and discovers the state of things within; and then fetches up, and casts out, what may have leaked there unperceived;—but would soon gain head and sink the vessel, if neglected.

IN the ocean of life, where we fall in daily with so many sail, steering different courses, O that christians would copy the faithful, but bold benevolence which seamen shew to seamen, of all countries, and under all colours! With what prudent kindness, then, would they hail each other—and know their destination. How readily would they answer to those that asked them whither they are bound.—How modestly would they give account of their setting out—of their adventures, of the state of their cargo, and offer a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear!* To enable believers thus to become helps, directors, and comforters to one another—

and

and thoroughly to furnish them for every good work —their gracious owner hath put on board, a *Silver-
Trumpet*; which never gives a false, nor an uncer-
tain sound: the *Gospel* will tell the glad tidings to
all that come within reach. It will speak a lan-
guage which believers, of all nations—and parties,
will understand. In that speech of Canaan, they
all may converse together; however they differ in
other matters: and all that understand it will be
pleased to keep company, to hold communion with
each other, as far as the seasons and their abilities
will admit.

ARMS, too, are necessary for the security of the
voyage: and see how completely the owner has
equipped the ship at his own expence! We find an
inventory of the armoury drawn out and left on
record. (Eph. 6. 14—18.)

BUT all would fail, if a cable and anchor were
not allowed: and the text informs us, that the
grace of hope supplies the place of the one; as
that of faith stands for the other.

THUS

THUS completely furnished for a voyage, this goodly ship takes in her lading. The various gifts and graces of the *Holy Ghost*—the hopes and comforts arising from their exercises—the bracelets—the signets—the staffs—the evidences and manifestations of divine favor—gold tried in the fire *—goodly pearls selected from the treasure of unsearchable riches in Christ †—and, in a word, all the special furniture—privileges—enjoyments—and experiences of the true believer, bought for him by the blood of his dying Redeemer, are now put on board by the hand of the spirit of sanctification: by whom, at the same time, every needful store is laid in, by the precious promises and glorious truths of the gospel; of which a spirit of prayer and faith keeps the key: and on which the believer may fare sumptuously every day, and drink the waters of life freely. ‡ Whilst the natural faculties and moral powers, being all sanctified, voluntarily enlisted in the service of God, and freely dedicated to his use—are now shipped as hands on board.

BOUND

* Rev. 3. 18. † Eph. 3. 8. Mat. 13. 45.
 ‡ John 7. 37. Rev. 22. 17.

BOUND for the NEW JERUSALEM, the celestial city of the living GOD, the soul thus equipped, receives failing orders by the inspired oracles; which command her to forsake all—to deny herself—to take up her cross and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth: she waits but for a wind. Without this she cannot move: nor will the truest helm, or ablest steers-man be of any service. If sincerely desirous to proceed, she will take care to have all things in readiness—all hands on board—waiting, and wishing for the favorable breeze. Hark, the humble cry, fore and aft, “Awake, O! North wind—blow thou South! Come, thou breath “from the four winds.” O, sirs! Were we in earnest for the voyage, we could not forget our absolute need of the special influence of the Holy Spirit. Nor should we be found loitering, or off our duty. Prayers would ascend, with every breath, that the heavenly gale might spring up.— How carefully should we follow our prayers with watching:—heedfully marking every appearance of the sky, how gladly should we seize the first favorable moment, when the long wished opportuni-

ty of setting sail is put in our power ! Eager for departure we could not consent to lose one minute of fair wind.

WITHOUT this disposition all the former preparations were vain and fruitless. The neglect of one such season may prove the loss of the voyage. Ah ! how many negligent souls have been made sorely to smart for this, whilst remaining wind-bound for many years. Yes, on this very account, every age is furnished with the sad spectacle of numbers of unhappy wretches, who ly fast moored in sin and unbelief all the days of their lives. For the sailor, who had slept or straggled while the fair wind lasted, to hoist all sails, and heave up when the gale is over, is labor no less vain and useleſs—than is the fatigue of the loiterer, who travels to the place of embarkation, in order to take his paſſage after the vessel is gone to sea. O that all might remember, then, the blessed tydings, *behold, now is the accepted time ! Behold, now is the day of salvation !** Improve the day of grace :—it flies on the

wings

wings of time:—Once gone, it returns no more for ever ! He that comes a minute after it expires, comes too late !

NOR may the fairest gale entice the soul to sea, until the heavenly pilot is sent for, and taken on board. Blessed Jesus ! Without thee we can do nothing. To thee must we turn our eyes in every difficulty : and cry in thine ear on every appearance of danger. Thou alone, by thy Holy Spirit must be the pilot ! thou canst steer us safe thro' all the rocks and quick-sands in our way. We dare not trust another at the helm. How kind was the promise that, when we pass thro' the waters, thou wilt be with us †—how gracious the word that engages thou wilt never leave nor forsake us ! †—Accept this faithful guide, my brethren ; leave it entirely to his care to shape your course, and steer your feeble bark : nor dread the greatest dangers while he sits at helm — for no latent rock escapes his eye : no storm can shake his steady hand ; nor any danger surpass his skill.

THE

† Isa. 43. 2. † Heb. 13. 5.

THE hour come, and all in readiness—the Pilot gives the signal—the anchor is weighed, and she proceeds to sea. Nothing can furnish an object more pleasing to the eye, than a gallant ship under sail, sweeping the placid surface of the deep, fanned by a fair and gentle breeze: unless the holy soul, it represents, spreading every sail for heaven; whilst kindly gales of the spirit of all grace swell them as they spread, and benign beams of the sun of righteousness gild and brighten all the scene. Such Halcyon-days are indulged, some times, to the young convert at the beginning of his voyage. O improve them, my young friends, whilst they last! These are the times for laying up against a coming change. For, ah! the treachery of our hearts quickly perverts the favor into an occasion of spiritual pride. See, the colors of open profession displayed!—the streamers of confidence fly in the air! Wishing to look more lofty than others, we hoist *top gallants*—set our *royals*—and affect to insult, rather than ride on waves so far below. Alas! how many have thus been overset, in a vain-glorious moment: and life has been the price of that insolence

solence of heart that disdained to stoop to proportion the fail to the ballast !

THIS abuse of mercy could not hope to escape the All-penetrating eye : and the golden season suddenly expires ! A dead calm succeeds ! The poor self-admirer lays down his head in the lap of some bewitching Dalilah ; and her syren-songs lull him to sleep. Now all graces lie dormant. Means are lost upon him. Nor word, nor ordinance can do him any good. The rolling billows serve but to rock his slumbers. Unmindful of her helm the ship gains nothing a head. Could conscience now obtain a hearing, all hands would soon be roused to make ready for a storm : the leisure of this calm would not thus consume away in carnal sloth. No ! Instead of this, the real believer, finding himself becalmed, begins more than ever to look out. — Now is his time for examining the state of his stores and cargo—for patching his sails, and splicing his rigging. Now we behold him employing his spy-glass to see whether the coast be clear : anon he is found busied in revising his journal and adjusting

adjusting his reckoning:—now plying his quadrant, and then comparing the observations of the day. O ! sirs, did we employ the hour of tranquility as we ought; how little should we have to fear from a change of weather ! . . . And, lo !

A change is near. While all hands are folded in security—and peace and safety fill the dream of all ; a contrary wind is sent : difficulties arise : opposition springs up, perhaps, where least suspected.* And adversity must teach us to lower those sails, which, in a fairer season, had been spread on purpose to be applauded. “ Is not this great Babylon which I have built ? ”—was once the vain boast of human pride : and “ Thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, until thou know that the Most HIGH ruleth ; ” was the sentence instantly past, and instantly executed upon it. †

HUMBLING providences, however, are not designed to drive men from duty. Will the faithful mariner hand all sails, lash the helm, and let his vessel drive,

* 1 Thess. 5. 3. † Dan. 4. 25.

drive, only because the wind is not fair? No! Resolved to lose no opportunity, he will make the best of every breeze. He will trim the sails to the wind—and keep his course as near as he can; though not so near as he gladly would. And shall the believer take the dumps—and think of quitting his post---or restraining prayer before God, merely because he finds some hardships in the one, and no answers from the other? Blush, O truant, to hear thy censure from a sailor's better conduct!

NOR is the instability of time-serving professors a less melancholy object, than the cowardice of some ~~others~~ ~~believers~~. They veer with the wind. Having no certain point of destination fixed in their own view, they are found now standing one way, and anon the reverse. Destitute of every other maxim than that of making the wind fair; they are seen always to run before it wherever it blows.

Not so the resolute seaman, heaven-ward bound: his eye is on his COMPASS; and by it he steers.--- With the BIBLE in his hand, he goes not to Councils, Conclaves, nor Potentates of earth to learn his creed,

creed, or duty. Disdaining to be the dupe of popularity, he will neither embrace opinions, because they are in fashion---nor trim his principles, to the taste of the times---nor follow the multitude to do evil. Undaunted by opposition, he will cleave to the dictates of that sacred book ; and leave the issue with the L ORD. Resting in the confidence that, whatever be the appearance of difficulty for the present, the true christian is secured on the whole ; he steadily pursues his course ; quieting his heart with the persuasion that a saint indeed will never fail of finding a trade-wind to heaven ; and all shall work together for the good of his voyage. But,

NOT from winds and seas alone do the believer's difficulties often spring. The time is a time of war. The seas are foul. While the saint holds on his way, harmless as the dove, benevolent to all, and gladly embracing each rising occasion of doing good to every object within his reach : Behold ! National enemies give chase ; and, if he escapes their hands, no sooner is he got clear, than he falls in with a pirate ; she sails under friendly colors ; until

all

all his suspicions are lulled asleep ; and then, in an unsuspecting moment, she bears down and actually boards him ! Thus have satan and his party been accustomed to decoy unwary souls, until they have them grappled ; and no hope remains in flight. The fair deceitful ensign is speedily exchanged for the bloody flag : and *fight, or die* is the only alternative. O what need have all to watch and pray ! Satan is not yet chained to his pit. 'Tis no time to put off the harness. Experience bids you trust no colours. Keep your decks clear of the incumbering lumber of lusts and cares : your guns loaded with the ammunition of gospel-truth and gospel promises, brought from the divine laboratory of eternal wisdom and grace, by the Holy Spirit :--- And every man in his quarters ; every faculty and every sense in its place, and fixed on its proper object : for, before you are aware, the chain-shot of some horrible temptation may hull the ship---disable the masts---destroy the rigging---or endanger the magazine ! Ah, sirs ! How dreadful the scene, which sea-fights oft present ! How shocking to see the stately ship going to the bottom---or falling be-

fore the devouring flames: while the despairing crew, with the dire shriek, are found, now running frantic among decks and shrouds---now casting themselves on the mercies of the seas---here catching hold of a broken mast---and there drinking death from briny waves! What mortal, unappalled, surveys the scuppers running with human gore---the headless trunks---the scattered limbs---dismembered carcases? Who can muster hardihood sufficient to support the horrors of thundering cannon---falling masts---exploding magazines---and screaming multitudes blown up into air.

YET, in all these dreadful things, nothing is mingled which should affright the real believer. In the severest conflict of temptations, though the troop may for a season overcome him, and the saint may suffer wounds; yet the weakest of that name shall overcome at the last. The Captain of his salvation lives, and is at hand! Fight on, fight on, then, ye christian warriors! Though hills amidst the seas be cast; nothing can destroy you: an hair shall not fall from your heads to your hurt. Lay not

not afide your armour. After every wound, copy the great EPAMINONDAS: call for your shield. Let it never be said that you flinched from your colours in the hour of danger, or quitted your post to an enemy; when you need only lift a cry to your heavenly GENERAL; and your foes shall be scattered, even by his look.

WHEN calamities are sent to distress the guilty, seldom do they come single. The enemy is fled, 'tis true; the combat is over, and you rejoice! Rejoice, however, with fear. For, see, the clouds already begin to lour! The waves look all on fire! Hollow winds bellow; and the tempest growls in the sky! Every sign declares a storm at hand. Perhaps a hurricane!---Suddenly the billows rise---they foam---they run mountains high! They dash! They break! How dreadful the chasms that open between them,---yawning to devour! Hark, the awful sound, that strikes the astonished ear! 'Tis the artillery of heaven discharged. Mark the red flashes, bursting open the doors of the clouds, and setting the horizon all on flame! The gale increases!

creases ! The torrents pour from on high ! And the foaming surges sweep the decks and make free passage over the helpless bark ! And now do the poor sailors exhibit the affecting scene ; which David once painted, in such glowing colours in the 107th Psalm. Now they mount up to the heavens ; and now go down to the lowest deeps : their souls melted because of trouble ; they reel, they stagger, and are at their wits' end !

THUS has a public calamity sometimes made the stoutest hearts of saints to tremble for the ark of God. Thus has a private judgment stripped a JOB of all that was dear, and laid him naked on a dung-hill : And thus did the frown of the MOST HIGH pull a DAVID from the throne : and compel him to travel for his life, bare-foot over *Kidron*, weeping as he went. Ah ! my dear friends, my heart bleeds to think what tempests have beat upon some of you already : And how many they have reduced to a miserable wreck, bereaved of the dearest and best beloved of their enjoyments !! Such, and more direful, is the storm which is now poured down

down upon the mournful train before me ; and such
the ruins which already mark its course.

How much of the duty of these trying seasons
might christians learn from the measures taken on
board of a ship. Do seamen, then, spread all their
sails, and affect to show to advantage ? Nay :
Even nature teaches them that seasons of judgment,
or correction, are no time for gayety. On the con-
trary, all hands are now called up to reef---to furl,
to hand the sails which can be taken in consistently
with safety to the ship : hatches are barred down---
deadlights fastened---decks cleared----and every
thing made fast. Safety and deliverance now is
the sum of every wish : so far as this permits, in-
deed, the ship will be made to bear up and keep
her course---shewing some sail as long as that is
practicable : but, when no progress can be made
this way, the weary mariners will try to *lye to* ; if
that expedient fails, they will lay the ship *a*
bull : and at last, the encreasing violence of the
tempest oft compels them to yield themselves
up to its force ; and content to betake themselves

to

to flight, they scud before a power which they cannot resist. And does it not well become a creature thus to fall down when his maker cometh out against him? Did heathen sailors cast over-board the wares, to save the lives in Jonah's ship? And shall the professed christian roll any lust, as a sweet morsel under his tongue; in the day when winds blow and tempests beat from heaven against him? Ah! the hardness and pride of the unhumbled heart! 'Tis dreadful to behold sinners stiffening their necks as an iron sinew when every thing around them is calling them to bow; boldly erecting a brow of brass when their faces should rather be covered with shame--and themselves in the dust, prostrate at the feet of an angry GOD, crying unclean! unclean! GOD, be merciful to us sinners!

HENCE the Father of mercies, who never afflicts willingly, nor grieves, for nought, the children of men, is morally constrained to deal out heavier blows. To lay aspiring worms, where worms should lye, new tryals burst upon them. A sudden gust, in a moment, lays the ship on beam-ends! Come hither

hither now, ye mockers, who make light of sacred things. See, how the courage of the hardiest fails. Religion alone can give calmness and fortitude at this crisis. Awful situation ! Should a single butt start, what power could save ? Observe how they stare : watching the next wave ! And, O ! it comes rolling and roaring big with their fate ! The stoutest sailor cries for mercy now. But, alas, that all this should be required to bring sinners to their knees ! No wonder if satan tell you it is now too late : For who can speak a word of comfort to the wretch who has defied heaven to the last ?

BUT, O ! the astonishing goodness of the L ORD. Against the prayer of the destitute he will not shut his ear. In the mount of danger, surprizing mercy is displayed. The great commander of the sea awakes. All nature stands in awe. Ocean hears his voice. PEACE---BE STILL,---YE BOISTEROUS WAVES ! The word no sooner issues from his heavenly lips, than the vessel rights again ! The tempests cease to roar. The boiling billows lye still and sleep. The feeble ship, astonished to see her self

self still preserved, goes on her way rejoicing ! And now, let all hands join in addressing a solemn thank-offering to the Almighty Sovereign of the main, who speaks, and it is done: The seas obey his nod, and stormy winds fulfil his word !

So, just so, if pride, or other lusts forbid the christian to bow to the correcting rod ; some sudden awful fall shall bring him down : shall raise a tempest in his conscience which no power in nature can with-stand---and none but the voice of JESUS can allay. This will lower his towering hopes, and strip off the plumes in which he glittered so gay. "Behold he prayeth"---will be the consequence. The heavenly pilot then speaks PEACE ! The reviving heart feels the joyful sound. And O, how glad---how thankful---but, at the same time, how humble---tender---watchful may we expect to see him through the remainder of his voyage.

SOMETIMES, after many a storm is weathered, and many a battle fought, a single leak comes near to breaking up the voyage: happy for the mariner, in such a case, if he is permitted to put in to some safe

safe harbour by the way ; where he may over-hawl and repair his shattered bark. And who that reads the Bible, does not know, that, amid the most pompous reformations in every other point, *one* lust spared will sink the soul to ruin ; as surely as *one* leak will carry down the finest ship that ever floated on the waves ? How necessary, then, is it for every professor to be much in self-examination : often to try the pump---to search daily to the bottom---and see that no leak remains unstopped !

AT length, when storms have tried and shewn the pilot's skill, and serenity proved the Sovereign's favor, the ship-men deem that they draw nigh some land. The water has changed its color : and flights of land-birds are seen. Now every pulse beats high with expectation. Eagerness blushes on every cheek, and every eye sparkles with joy. One gets aloft after another, and the best glasses on board are tried. And when the word **LAND ! LAND !** is heard from mast-head, what congratulations circulate round the company ! What joyful acclamations rise to the skies !

SUCH, also, should be the christian's longings for the desired haven: and such his joys at the appearance of those symptoms which tell him his weary voyage is near its end. Nor could this fail to be the case if all were right within. What is the dread of death, but the language of remaining guilt? Or, what the sting of it, but sin felt yet lying at the door?

IT is not, however, to be forgotten, that the land may be in sight, and yet dangers not all over. Hazard is doubled when sea-room is lost: How many have been ship-wrecked at the mouth of the harbour! Another gale may yet blow. Rocks and quick-sands, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand threatening on either side---and seem to dispute the passage into port. Hence many fair professors, who once over-topped and out-sailed most around them, at last come short---miss the entrance---and founder in sight of the anchoring place! Hence, too, some real christians, who have weathered many a storm; by keeping a bad reckoning or a drowsy watch, are at the last hour, reduced to the greatest

straits

straits of their whole lives. Some by neglecting to heave the lead, to sound their depth, before they were aware, have fallen among the breakers of terror and anguish ; and have gone to heaven by the very gates of hell. To this cause chiefly we must ascribe the difference of frames among dying saints : while we see some, as poor, shattered vessels, hardly towing into the harbour, under jury-masts, and little differing from a wreck : and others coming into port with all sails spread----the colours of profession displayed, and the pendant of assurance flying. This difference, however, should not dismay the humble penitent ; nor form any objection against the power and reality of true religion ; for, like the company in PAUL's ship, how various soever their manners, their comforts, or their frames, in one thing they all agree : that, in the issue, all such vessels as we have been considering, and all that are embarked on board of them, shall get safe to land.

AND, then, O how joyfully do they come to anchor within the vail ! How sweet the welcome
that

that salutes them from the walls of the heavenly city ! How tender the embraces, the congratulations that are interchanged between them and the encircling throng of saints and angels there ! And with what raptures do they join them in raising the new song of Moses and the Lamb ! O blessed day ! Hail happy souls ! — But we must now take leave and let them go on praising their glorious pilot's skill, and re-counting the dangers which displayed it ; while we return to the second head of this subject, namely, to shew that

II. *To all such ships the hope of the Gospel serves as the sheet-anchor.*

THIS is the principal figure in the text. The application of it is no less necessary to unfold the ideas of the sacred writer than that of the former. But it is much more obvious and easy. Our labor on this head will be diminished partly by the plainness of the matter, and partly by the light reflected on it by the foregoing part of the subject. As much has been anticipated there, that otherwise must have fallen to the share of this section of discourse ; so

the

the necessity of leaving time for the improvements demanded by this mournful occasion, will constrain me to touch the rest with a lighter hand.

AMONG the implements necessary to be put on board of this metaphorical ship, on its being rebuilt, and previous to its being sent to sea, we considered the anchor as one of the chief. Nor will this be disputed by any person versed in the important business of navigation. What owner would consent to venture his ship to sea without an anchor? What mariner would wish to risque his person on board one that had none? And, if any should, what fate may he expect when on a lee-shore, among rocks and breakers, in the midst of a storm?

WHAT the anchor is to the ship, that will the genuine hope of the gospel prove to the believing soul. The candid hearer will permit me in this place to refer him to the several senses in which this hope has already been expounded; and especially to that sense to which the preference was then given: I mean that which considered it as a grace wrought in the heart of the regenerate by the

rit

rit of God; whereby he firmly expects the full enjoyment of eternal glory on the foundation laid in the gospel.

THE propriety of expressing this hope by the figure in the text will easily appear; if we consider the following circumstances wherein the resemblance evidently holds.

1. LIKE an anchor, it is formed out of the most solid and durable materials. The substance of things hoped for is such as shall out-last all sublunary worlds; and the spiritual principle of vital holiness, of which this hope is an essential part, is called in scripture a *divine* nature; and if divine, then incorruptible and immortal. This soundness is requisite to render it a work worthy of the glorious, almighty artist who produced it.

2. As the anchor is useless unless well-fastened to the *cable*; and thereby firmly attached to the ship; so the hope of glory, however bright and joyful, can avail nothing to the soul in the times of need; if it is not immediately connected with a

gospel-faith:

gospel-faith: as by that grace alone the object and foundation of this hope is realized and chosen: without faith our hope degenerates into presumption: it will perish in the day of trial; and leave the hypocrite who cherished it, *ashamed* at the last.

3. ANCHORS should not be cast at random: care is necessary first to have the cable clear and disentangled; caution to examine whether weeds or wrecks are in the way, to make the anchor foul, and keep it from penetrating to the true bottom: and knowledge to discern the difference between good holding-ground, and soft mud, or loose deceitful sands. And, truly, the hope of heaven which is rashly taken up in indolence,---founded in ignorance of the truth as it is in Jesus,---or fixed on any sand-banks of our own works, or purposes of works, will surely perish with its possessor in the day of evil—The clefts of the rock---the wounds and sufferings of that sacrificed *Lamb* of God which taketh away the sin of the world---is the only ground where we can let go the anchor of our hope. The all-sufficient righteousness of CHRIST, made over,
and

and imputed, by the free grace of GOD, to every believer, is ground that will hold when every thing else shall prove but sinking sand.

4. ANCHORS, thus cast, swim not on the surface of the waters: they take hold of something out of sight. And, thus, the hope we now contemplate, enters into that within the vail; and fastens on glories no where to be found, but in the *Holy of Holies* in the temple on high: there it finds both its object, and its ground; *its object*, in a GOD in CHRIST, reconciled and to be enjoyed: *its ground*, in that fullness of the Godhead which dwells in the Redeemer bodily; and from which, by virtue of his perfect righteousness, he derives to every believer constant supplies; according to the extent of his capacity and the demand of his wants.

5. HOLDING on such ground, the anchor is trusty and will not deceive. It was made to ride out every storm. Having sufficient scope of cable paid out, it will be found *sure and stedfast*, in the strongest current and the hardest gale. Just so the Gospel-hope, thus founded on CHRIST, will support

port the soul, when all the superficial works of fancy, when extacies, enthusiastic visions, and imagined revelations are struck adrift ; when hypocrisy sinks, and ostentatious zeal is swept away. The comforts suggested by this glorious hope will stay the sheering ship in the hardest flaws or most rapid eddies : yes, these can buoy up the cable of faith to full assurance ; that assurance to the peace that passeth all understanding ; and this peace to the joy unspeakable and full of glory. When frames have flagged, and the feeling sense of divine things is lost and gone ; this hope holds fast, and by it the believer rides triumphant---and will ride until it draw the vessel home with it, into that within the vail : until it warp the soul away, beyond the reach of storms, altogether up to the celestial shore----and there leave it settled in the calm enjoyment of everlasting peace.

FRAMES are fickle, and joys are flattering things : but he that has this hope founded on CHRIST,----this anchor cast according to the gospel ; need not fear a change : dangers cannot reach him : death

itself can do him no harm. What the apostle says of charity, its sister and inseparable companion, may be affirmed of the grace of hope, whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it vanisheth away: But hope remains as the anchor at the bottom: its foundation the same in the darkest night as in the brightest day: it abides *sure* and *stedfast*, amid all possible alterations of frames and circumstances.—But here, the time requires us to break off---and pass to some IMPROVEMENT.

LET us all, then, be persuaded to examine whether we have indeed begun the voyage to glory;—and if so, how far we have proceeded in it.

LET us also look well to our anchor. Is our hope qualified as has been represented? This question is of the last importance to us all. And to assist us in deciding upon it, the scripture has kindly pointed out some marks by which a genuine gospel-hope may be discovered. Guided by that heavenly light, we find that *hope*, which is *sure* and *stedfast*,

stedfast, is the work of the divine Spirit in the heart: it springs from regeneration, and never goes before it:---it takes its rise in that illumination which gives the knowledge of CHRIST, and is never found without it:---it grows out of true faith as its root:---it holds on by Christ in the gospel promise:---it dwells with love and every grace, and flourishes or decays with them:---it is a *lively* hope, and makes its possessors lively in all the ways of virtue and godliness: it purifies the heart, and so purges the life from the pollutions of the world:---it stays the soul in every trial, and keeps it steady in the fickle-est times:---it is *sure and stedfast*, as to its founda-tion:---that is, not any doings of our own:---nor tears and repentance for the want of doings:---nor prayers for pardon:---nor resolutions of amendment:---nor reformations:---convictions:---comforts:---nor experiences:---

BUT, solely, God's free and unchanging love to his people:---and choosing them to life:---Christ's righteousness:---death:---resurrection and intercessi-on:---the covenant of grace established through him:---

him:—the fulness of his mercy, power and grace;—the promise and the oath of God.

2. Let this subject dash the presumption of the formal Hypocrite—and varnished Pharisee: No safe anchorage can be found without the hope here described.

3. It kindly invites the sons of men now to come and lay hold of this *hope*. It *sets* it before them. It offers it most freely to them. Why then will any be so foolish as to neglect or to despise it? Why follow lying vanities and forsake their own mercy? O sirs, your all—your eternal all is at stake! Let nothing tempt you to delay an immediate application to the great author and foundation of this hope! All things are now ready! The day of salvation is wasting—and will soon expire! The voice of God to you is *now or never!* To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

4. But, surely, the saint who rides at such an anchor need not be dismayed. It is sure and stedfast, What though death comes *præmature*? What tho'

It meets him where lover and friend is removed far distant from him? *This* will only warp him up the sooner into the mansions within the veil. And *that* give better opportunity to try his anchor and to trust in GOD alone. What if the ocean must be his grave? By this no injury can possibly be sustained: CHRIST is united to the bodies of believers as well as to their souls. His friendly eye ever watches over their sleeping dust; whether its bed be an earthy or a watery tomb. The day shall shortly come, when the dead, small and great, shall stand before GOD. Ere long the sea shall give up all the millions whom it has swallowed. When the hour of dissolution is come, it is quite immaterial to you whether worms or fishes devour your bodies: for, yet in your flesh shall you see GOD.— With what composure? Nay, with what joyful confidence may a saint commit his dying flesh, as well as his departing spirit, to his living REDEEMER! He is faithful, and will not fail to keep in safety, whatever faith committeth to his hands;— and to see it forth coming at that day.

5. How happy the voyage here reviewed ! How ample the provision made for it ! How consummate the skill and fidelity of the heavenly pilot ! And, how excellent the anchor that enters into that within the veil. To contemplate and to celebrate them all will be the lasting work of heaven.

BUT the occasion demands, and the audience must allow me to remark that, so far as I have been able to discover, the draught here made is not the sketch of an imaginary ship—nor the journal of an ideal expedition ! No. It is a true, though imperfect copy of a real voyage ; through a course of sanctification, to the harbour of eternal rest : lately made among us, by a worthy sea-commander, who was a beloved member of this church. With him my intimacy has been unbounded for many years. That felicity shall I enjoy no more ! No more behold his face ! But his dear idea shall remain impressed on this bleeding heart : nor shall it be erased until the day, when I hope to meet him in his best abode !

THE picture here delineated was not chimerical. May I not hope that you have seen it verified in real life; in the persons of many of your deceased friends?

IN one case, I know, the body of this numerous assembly has anticipated me. Your judgments and your feelings have concurred in making application of the descriptive hints above, to an eminent character which still lives, and must live still in the memories and hearts of all his acquaintance. Your minds have been whispering to you, as the narrative went along,

“ OF all this, a recent striking instance is presented to our view in a dear deceased friend—
 “ whom we have been anxiously expecting to arrive
 “ at this port; and whose early arrival at a better
 “ —where more and better friends were looking
 “ for him, we this day ungracefully, but unfeign-
 “ edly deplore. *Captain JONATHAN PARSONS*;
 “ who finished his voyage through life on the
 “ 29th. of December last.”

IN this application, I heartily concur with you.

How

How often did the bosom of friendship heave on his account when storms arose, for twenty tedious winters, in which his lot has been to beat this dangerous coast! How anxiously did every heart beat, on each threatening appearance in this inclement season, since we have begun to expect him home! Little did we think he had got home already; and arrived at the haven he most desired:—and for which he has been steering more than twenty-one years. Little dreaming that he had cast anchor within the veil—had warped up his happy vessel by it—had presented her, with all her precious cargo of gifts and graces, to his glorious owner—had passed his accounts—received the full wages of all his toils—and was now eternally happy in the profits of his *venture*!

THE heavy tidings of the week past have put an end to all our anxieties for him: he has doubtless landed safe at the NEW JERUSALEM above.

HAIL, happy voyager! No more shall rolling billows toss thy feeble bark! The awful hurricane

shall

shall strike no more ! To thee we fondly apply the words of the ancient epitaph :

" By Boreas' blasts, and Neptune's waves,
 " I was toss'd to and fro.
 " Now, well escap'd from all their rage,
 " I anchor here below.
 " Safely I ride in triumph here,
 " With many of our fleet ;
 " 'Till signal calls to weigh again,
 " Our ADMIRAL CHRIST to meet."

OUR dear friend was launched into the turbulent sea of the present life, at Lyme, in Connecticut ; on the 25th. day of April, in the year 1735. He was early devoted to the Lord of the elements by a mother of singular piety and understanding : and favored as soon as possible, with all the benefits of a religious education, under a venerable father *— than whom few were more capable of instructing his children ; and none more intent on their improvement. His genius, however, was no hot-bed production :—it was slow in shooting up : and

H hence

2 The Reverend JONATHAN PARSONS, late pastor of this church.

hence his pious father relinquished the design once formed, of training him up for a learned profession: and the son for some years was employed in the business of husbandry.

ON the removal of the family to this town, some opening buds of real genius began to appear. He was then put to school under an able and experienced master, † yet living; and now, with us, lamenting his beloved pupil's fall.

BUT the season for a liberal education was elapsed. Furnished, however, with a stock of knowledge sufficient for business, he was placed apprentice to a gold-smith; and with him he made such proficiency as qualified him for setting up the trade by himself, and making a figure in it. At an early period of life he entered into matrimonial connections, ‡ in most desirable circumstances; and he had every domestic allurement conspiring to fix him at home: yet all availed not. GOD had de-
signed

† MR. STEPHEN SEWALL, long a public teacher of eminent usefulness in this town.

‡ August 26, 1756.

signed him for a living instruction and example to the brave and hardy sons of *Neptune*. And Providence soon effected the divine purpose. The state of public affairs turned the doubtful scale, and determined him for the sea.

A wide theatre was now opened for the display of his real character. His thorough knowledge of navigation, and his ripening abilities as a seaman soon introduced him to the command. And that important station he continued with great dignity to fill, until his last voyage was completed.

IN the mean time the spirit of God was carrying on a work of glorious grace in his soul ; whereby he was powerfully re-building the nature, depraved and ruined by the fall ; and fitting it out for the NEW JERUSALEM. Deep and lasting were his agonies under legal conviction of his sin and danger : And down to the lowest deeps they brought him. But, at last, they issued in the clear shining after the rain : they terminated in that glorious morning which is destined to succeed a dreary night of darkness and of sorrow. The native firmness

firmness of his make left little room to suspect that his religion would turn chiefly on the passions, or fancy. With least noise the deepest streams glide on. For want of the sensible communications which he thought he could perceive in other christians, he often doubted the genuineness of his experience: Yet, from the time when conversion launched him into the ocean of trials; so steadily did he steer by the compass of the *word*; so evidently did he appear to make conscience of every action; that he exhibited a standing proof of the truth of his religion, convincing to all but himself. Eight long and dismal years he walked in darkness, having no light: nor sun, nor moon, nor stars appeared. At length it pleased God to manifest himself. The day dawned. The shadows flew away. The sun of righteousness broke out—and he basked with delight in the reviving beams. The joy was unspeakable! His hope was confirmed—his anchor seemed sure and stedfast. He then hung out the flag of an open profession; and joined in full communion with this church. * His relation

of

November 4, 1772.

of experiences then offered to you was modest, but clear: sensible, and, at the same time, savory and edifying.

NOR did he ever forfeit, or forget, these sacred engagements: and he continued an ornament to his professions to the last.

His reasoning powers were far above the level. His head was clear and metaphysical. He gathered knowledge from all quarters. He read books as well as men. For this he gave himself time, redeemed from common hours of sleep and meals:—the early devotions of his family, and their morning repast were usually over, when his neighbours had scarcely quitted their pillows. The habit of rising sometimes afforded full scope to devotion—to his book, and his pen. Of this opportunity he was so frugal, that he himself informed me it was not unusual for him to read the BIBLE through, in a voyage.

WHILST the uniformity of his conduct procured him from his various dependents, the reverence due to a father: they at the same time trusted him as a counsellor and loved him as a friend.

To

To his worthy parents he acted all the part of a most dutiful son. Nor did his filial piety expire with them. Great have been his exertions for the honor of his father's memory since he was taken from his head. Witness the ample sacrifices of his own interest chearfully made, in publishing two considerable volumes of his posthumous works:— Witness, too, the generous addition to the provision made in his father's will for the support of his relict. The parents of his beloved wife, he treated with the same filial regards as his own. Tenderly anxious for the comfort of her widowed mother; he spared no intreaties, before his last voyage, to induce her to retire into his family and there to command all the accommodations it could furnish.

SINCE his father's death, he seemed to enter into all a father's feelings towards his sisters and their households. And the fraternal affections with which he treated his surviving brothers* as well as the widow of one deceased;—their feelings on this sorrowful

* Col. MARSHFIELD PARSONS of Lyme, in Connecticut, and the Hon. SAMUEL HOLDEN PARSONS, Esq. formerly Major-General in the American army.

rowful parting will testify better than any words of mine. ————— But,

The sweet mixture of manly fondness, and tender, friendly respect, which tempered his deportment towards a consort, whom he loved with all the constant and growing ardour of an undivided heart: during a pleasing alliance of almost twenty-nine years:—the wisdom and mildness which held the reins of government over a numerous, rising offspring with a steady hand; while his delight in their present happiness gave way only to his desire of their improvement:—The watchful eye with which he followed all their steps:—The instructions he took every opportunity to convey—the example with which these were supported—the care taken to secure to them the best advantages of education. These all, are traits of his character over which my own feelings, and the keener pains of the mourners present, oblige me now to throw the veil of silence. ~~as follows~~

IN the temper and principles of our lamented friend, was seen a noble singularity; which at once escaped

escaped the fashionable vanities, and reproved the modish vices of his time. In the midst of a torrent, he stood as a rock. Possessing a share of that primitive simplicity which could not bend to sinful compliances ;—he steadily trod the path of that ancient rigid virtue, which refused to stoop to anything mean ; nor ventured on a step, without knowing it to be on the right line of duty. This shielded him alike from the snares and the scorn of the wicked. It either parted him from the company of the profane, or made iniquity to stop its mouth, while he was present. Necessity was laid on the drunkard, the impious, and the scorner to reform his manners ; or quit the house, or ship, where he had command. His crew he considered as his family. Was any of them injured ? His shield was ready for his protection, and all his power engaged to obtain redress. Did a seaman sicken on board ? He took place as the nurse and the counsellor—as the chaplain and physician at once : nor would he quit that station 'till the occasion was over. The joint supplications, in which the daily sacrifices of his company were constantly offered,

must

must be attended by all on board. The peculiar reverence due to the Lord's-Day, he rigorously exacted from all under him. Of this mark of piety he himself was so great a pattern, that no influence could bring him to fail from his port during that holy time: and no allurements could prevail with him to buy or sell 'till the Sabbath was over.

So strict was his known adherence to honesty and truth; that it was frequently found that the West-India merchant could trust to his report of cargoes, without examination. No fraud was suspected where his word was given. Far from abusing this confidence, he has been known to hasten ashore with impatience, at a late hour of the night, to rectify a mistake unwittingly committed by his merchant and mate; whereby a large sum fell in his own favor. Though the error was unknown to all but himself; he could not consent to give his eye-lids to slumber, until it was rectified.

No earthly baits could seduce him from the line of veracity in his transactions with the custom-house. He reverenced an oath. He feared the

God that is above. He felt the awful authority of that omniscient guide, who has declared that *he will not hold that man guiltless that taketh his name in vain!* Feelingly did he point out, from the press, the horrid profaneness too often committed in custom-house-oaths: but against this heaven-daring iniquity, now, alas! too little considered, his practice remonstrated as loudly as his pen..

His benevolence was universal; but a particular sympathy with distress was characteristic of him.. His heart kindled for the defence of the oppressed.. His hand was never slack in relieving affliction.— He seemed rather to fly, than run, to remove the woes within his reach—or to alleviate the sorrows which he could not remove..

Generous and liberal in his habits of thinking, he treated with candor, sentiments opposite to his own.. With frankness he owned a mistake on his part; and with the greatest cheerfulness corrected an error the moment he discovered it.. Arguments advanced by an opponent he examined with care; and answered them with a precision of which few were

were better masters than himself. And if, on the whole, he could neither give nor receive conviction; he closed the dispute by embracing the person, while he rejected the doctrine.

QUALIFIED by these principles for the endearments of friendship, to all the delicacies of that union of hearts, no mind was more tenderly sensible than his; and none more faithful—more constant, and invariable in the discharge of all the offices it implies.

TEMPERANCE and sobriety had long distinguished him among his sea-faring brethren. But nothing was a more unequivocal mark of his worth, than that humility to which it was owing; that, like Moses in another case, though his virtues shone in the eyes of his friends, he wist it not himself.— This made him often prefer to himself *the meanest negro slave*, whom his charity had judged a christian indeed. This induced him to labor with the church, to excuse him from the office of a *ruling elder*, when they had called him to it by unanimous vote: The letter he then sent to the *session*, deserves

to be had in remembrance with every church-officer. Whilst it gave vent to his feelings on this occasion, it stated his principles, descanted on the smallness of his experience—his insufficiency for, and conscious unworthiness of that sacred trust: and produced every objection, he could think of, against himself.— It, however, defeated its own design :—it was unanimously voted, that his very objections ought to be considered as his recommendation.

To a man who, thus, made the word of God his rule, and the divine approbation, not the applause of men, his object: to a man whose conduct sprung from that faith which worketh by love— who kept God's glory in view as his ultimate end, and acted as under the immediate inspection of his judge: to a man who thus endured as seeing him who is invisible, fortitude could be no stranger.

Of this noble principle, equally removed from cowardice on the one hand, and fool-hardy rashness on the other, he gave shining specimens on many occasions. Witness, ye hardy mariners, who with him have ploughed the ocean. How often

have

have you seen him in those trying seasons, when every life hung in doubt—when the weary ship, no longer able to resist the fury of the waves, fell on her beams, and couched down under a force which she no more could look in the face ;—calm and unmoved, as if stationed on a rock far above the foaming surges' reach, he stood collected within, and unappalled by surrounding dangers. Possessed of himself, with what intrepidity did he watch every motion of the ship—quiet the terrors of the trembling crew—and check the distracted measures of despair : animating some, restraining others, and conveying, by signals, at the critical moment, the wisest orders in every emergency ! And, how, tenderly affected with so great a deliverance, he summoned you together, at the close of every storm ; and became your mouth in a joint thank-offering to the great **LORD** of the seas, who had interposed so kindly in the crisis of danger, and preserved your lives from the open jaws of destruction ! You could hardly say whether the composure of the hero in the hour of jeopardy, or the melting devotion of the grateful faint on the removal of your fears, did most engross your admiration.

Did fortitude forsake him when dangers of one sort vanished, only to make way for others of a different species? Say, ye fellow-prisoners, who have seen him stand before his captor—an enemy—and an admiral of high rank: how firm and undismayed he pleaded the cause of his country—his owners—and his men, against the outrageous abuses of triumphant despots—abuses in which it is difficult to decide whether insolence, avarice, or inhumanity had the ascendant! Happy firmness, to which his owners sometimes owed the recovery of their property, and his crew the saving of their lives!

WHILST on this subject, may I not venture to extend the appeal to some auditors in this assembly—who have beheld him facing the public enemy in the bloody field—and pledging his life for his country's liberty? Unmoved by the horrors hovering over scenes of carnage—undaunted by the missive weapons of death, which flew in showers around his head—he fought—he animated—he led on his compatriots to the charge!

BUT I forbear.—His various useful publications—his numerous letters to officers in high

trust—his manifold exertions in favor of AMERICA, in her darkest day of doubtful expectation—and the unwavering stability with which he persevered, in all the changes of aspects and of times, maintaining the cause of true LIBERTY against every species of encroachment from friends or foes, both before and since the peace—all—all concur as full confirmations of the justice of his title to a distinguished rank among the most virtuous and patriotic citizens of the land which gave him birth.

PIETY and religion, however, had the throne in his heart. This was the crown on the head of all his virtues. Equally far from lukewarm formality and ostentation on the one hand—and from bigotry, superstition and party spirit on the other; the objects in which all good men could agree were ever uppermost in his view; and his enlarged charity embosomed all that held them. The doctrines of christianity were well digested in his mind. The scriptural principles held up in the WESTMINSTER CONFESSION AND CATECHISMS he had studied thoroughly; he had made them his own; and few excelled

excelled him in the talent of opening and defending them, against the various rising errors of his time; and especially against that arch-delusion—that first-born of absurdities *the doctrine of universal salvation.*

BUT experimental godliness was, with him, *the one thing* chiefly studied. How did this breathe in all his conversations with intimate friends? How did he plead its cause in many savory and excellent letters to such as saw all his soul opened—and were themselves beloved as his own soul. A number of them are in my hands, which I cannot think it would be right to conceal from the public eye: were the publication of them duly encouraged, they would favor mankind with a genuine picture of vital religion, drawn in glowing colors, and copied from a glowing heart.

PREVIOUS to his last departure, many of his friends, as if instigated by some presage of the dire event, warmly remonstrated against his going to sea at that inclement season of the year. They were silenced by replies which shewed that he acted from clear conviction of duty: the issue he clearly

fully left with his GOD : he trusted, through Sovereign grace, he should not be found unprepared to meet his fate ; and, if prepared, he considered it as quite immaterial to him whether he should die at home, or abroad—at sea, or ashore.

VERY imperfect have been our accounts of his last sickness. From them we can collect little else than—that, whilst he lay at *Point á pitre*, a malignant fever had seized an American Captain there—that, our friend visited him daily, and attended on him with the tenderest care, until he saw him lodged in the house appointed for all the living. Some time after, a similar fever attacked himself, on his passage from *St. Martin's* to *Turk's island*. He soon perceived the species of the distemper ; and took early opportunities to direct his mate what measures to take, both with the cargo and with himself. The symptoms of his disease were violent from the first ; and its ravages on the whole frame alarming : he could not, however, be persuaded to interrupt the daily offices of family-devotion with his crew, until the evening of his land-

ing on Turk's island. There he was carried ashore, with much difficulty ; but finding himself among a people utter strangers to humanity, he chose to quit the place :—early on the morning of the 29th of December, he re-embarked—and proceeded to sea, in hopes of soon reaching some more hospitable shore ;—but—at noon he was evidently struck with death !—And, about nine in the evening of the same day—in a sweet and placid frame—gave up the ghost !

PERSUADED from the first that his disease was mortal, he refused all share in those comforts which his anxious, distressed company tried to draw for themselves, from any temporary relaxations of his pain. He repeatedly warned them, *not to expect his life* ; and failed not to add, *that he did not meet death unprepared—that his race was run—and he had not run in vain—that his will was entirely resigned to that of his LORD* : and that, in certain expectation of a better—he could willingly lay down this life, whenever he should be pleased to call for it.

HAIL, thrice happy shade ! Blessed Voyager ! Well-anchored now within the veil ! O what glad

embraces ! what triumphant congratulations greet thine entrance into port ! A father—a mother—a sister and other dear relatives sent before—to wait and welcome thy arrival !—Clouds of perfect spirits ! Innumerable companies of holy angels, joyfully escorting thee to the ineffable embraces of thy Fore-runner—and High Priest !

BUT here let faith check its soaring wing.— Eye hath not seen—nor ear heard—neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what thy Lord had laid up, and has now conferred on thee ! Rest quietly in that watery tomb, ye sacred reliques. The day shall shortly come, when the sea shall give up that sleeping dust ; undamaged by its silent slumbers there ! Fresh as the morn—and blooming as the opening flower !—But I retract the poverty of speech—morn is dim—and flowers quickly fade ! —While bodies, once the temples of the HOLY GHOST, now waking, satisfied with the likeness of their blest Redeemer, shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their heavenly Father !

LET us, then, prepare to meet our dear departed friend—to see him face to face—and to part

from him no more for ever. 'Till then, I take my leave in the well-known language—

" Blest shade adieu ! when a few days have run
 " Their tedious rounds, my painful labor done ;
 " Ripen'd for heav'n, may I resign my breath ;
 " And smile, like thee, at the grim face of death !
 " Foll'wing the path thy feet unwav'ring trod,
 " May I, like thee, ascend the heavenly road,
 " And, with thee, dwell beneath the smiles of God ! }
 " There, with the sweetest intimacy spend
 " Eternal years, in friendship ne'er to end ! "

I am very sensible, the man of whom I speak, was a depraved child of a depraved Adam; and by nature as bad as any of that race. Whatever was right or amiable in him he owed, he knew he owed entirely, to free and Sovereign grace. And, at the best estate in which I have considered him, he was, though a mature man, yet a saint in minority. Lovely were his virtues; but all of them imperfect:—his graces real—yet not one complete in stature:—Like every other saint below, he was not without infirmities: these, however, none saw so soon, nor so severely censured as himself. But now

—all

—all are vanished:—his robes are washed white in the blood of the LAMB! and every tear is wiped away by his Redeemer's hand!

To improve the example we have seen in this instructive life and death is the business that now remains for us: To contribute a mite to assist therein—I beg leave to close this melancholy subject with an ADDRESS

FIRST, To the WIDOW,

FOR duty calls me to turn my voice, Dear MADM, *first* to you; whom awful Providence has sifted, as the *mournful relict*, before the LORD and this assembly, on this sad occasion.

IT is from a heart pierced through with many sorrows, by that dire blow which has laid your own in the dust; bleeding of a wound, which the great inflicter's hand alone can heal, that these lamenting accents now break forth. Let them not irritate, but soothe your recent woes! Shall I, then, forbid you to mourn? My feelings bid me blush at the at-

tempt

tempt. Nature must change ere this can be enforced. And religion never will extirpate those affections which are the honor of the heart it means to regulate and refine. No ! 'Tis the voice of Heaven which calls us now to weep. My own heart feels its force : and every look seems sorrowful around me.—But, for whom may you mourn ? Not for your dear departed friend. Safe beyond the reach of fear or danger, he has rode out all his storms : and anchors now within the veil. Can you lament that he has shot the irremeable gulph which, sooner or later, must be shot by every mortal ? Whilst so many suffer shipwreck by the way, can your heart repine that a safe arrival at the haven of all his wishes has been granted to that dear man ; in whose heart you have long possessed a greater share than all other creatures did—a greater share, perhaps, than any creature should ? Did all heaven ring with new joys at his entering within the veil ? And shall tears of sorrows never cease to bedew your cheek on that account ?— *You weep for yourself and for your children.* Yes. And this is permitted you. Remember, however, that your

your sorrows must submit to receive law from reason and religion. *You have lost the kindest and best of husbands.* True. But it was an earthly one.—Thy better—thy celestial husband yet lives—and shall live, and reign for ever! O the condescension of that best—eternal friend who stoops to take the place! Hark! the transporting sound that echoes from the skies! “Thy Maker is thy husband! The **LORD** of Hosts is his name!” O! Is not this enough? Can pained nature stretch a wish beyond? Be still then, my dear Madam; be still, and know that it is **God**. Submit at his feet. Resignation sweetens sorrow. Is not this **God** your father too? The cup, then, which he hath given, will you refuse to drink? Time was when you might lawfully have prayed, “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.” That time is elapsed. It returns no more for ever. All that is now left for you is to lay your hand on your mouth. Submissive, in the deepest of your grief, let the silent language of your heart be only, “Father, thy will be done.” Remember that, in taking as in giving, **God** is equally just. May he not do what

he.

he will with his own? It was a precious jewel he lent you for a time. You had leave to possess it every moment which the great owner purposed from eternity. The time was now come when he had appointed it for nobler use. Not all the gold of Ophir could have bought you another hour's possession. And shall you complain when your borrowed comfort must be restored? Do you grieve to find yourself and your tender, little flock, left floating on this boisterous sea of life when he has quitted it? Take the same divine pilot that shaped his course. He offers you his hand. Trust yourself to him. And to his care resign your fatherless charge this day. Many a widow his bounty has sustained. Many an orphan has been fed by his hand. The widow's God is a name which he never will deny. He glories in it. Be this name of the Lord your strong tower: In it may the Gentiles safely trust.

WEANED, by this stroke, from all on earth, set your heart on heaven. Rise, and leaning on the gentle arm of your Redeemer, follow the great

Fore-

Fore-runner—lay aside every undue weight of trouble---and run the race now set before you.---Lay hold on Christ in the promises of his gospel. Learn to live by faith. In spiritual-mindedness, you will find life and peace. Keep clear the anchor of your hope. And, yet a little while, and you, too, shall be brought to yonder heavenly shore:---there to meet your dear, departed friend, more dear---more lovely, and more loving, too, than formerly: and, with him walk hand in hand for ever in the blest serene on high ! Come, then, lift up your heart---anticipate the joy of that happy meeting: rejoice ! that your beloved has obtained all his wishes; while room enough is still left for you also, to rise, in due season to a sweet participation of all his bliss !

IN this work you will not be alone; the counsels and example of your Honored Mother will be your stay in this season of affliction. Her respectable age forbids my calling her up by a personal address. Nor need I make request to her on your behalf. I know she feels your sorrows as her own.

L

But

But these are the seasons for which she has been laying up her precious stores. Prepared for sufferings by many years of near communion with GOD, she will now bring out of her treasure, things new and old. Listen to her voice----it will drop both support and consolation on you. Obey her dictates in the LORD ; follow her steps---and cherish her old age. And may the LORD perfect what concerneth you. But

2^{dly}. Let such of his DEAR CHILDREN as are capable of understanding counsel, or of feeling the occasion of it, be persuaded, now, to pause--- and seriously to reflect that, whilst many children of your years, are cursed with fathers who leave them uninstructed, as the wild asses colt ; and set them examples directly tending to toll them down to destruction: it pleased GOD to distinguish you with one who chearfully spent his life to secure you educations. He spared no pains to fit you for filling useful spheres on earth ; but his chief desire was to see you prepared for the bliss within the veil. This was his great object. On it his heart still dwelt.--

Often

Often have I heard the declaration from his lips, that he wanted nothing for you but a good education---a virtuous life, and the special grace of GOD — that this would give him infinitely more joy than any temporal elevations in riches or in rank: and that he had rather follow you to the grave than live to see you defeat these kind desires.

BUT, now, alas ! your earthly guardian is gone ! Your friend and director is no more ! These trusty lips, sealed in death, will never warn---will never counsel---will never persuade you again ! My heart bleeds for you. O, consider, what means this awful stroke ? Why is the stay of infancy, and guide of youth snatched from your head at the time when most you needed him ? Perhaps to teach you betimes to cease from leaning and living on creatures. May this sudden drying of the stream, effectually commend the spring of all comforts to your choice ! And shall not the breaking of created cisterns lead us to draw our supplies directly from the fountain of living waters ? Warned, by frequent instructions from your father himself, that though GOD is

pleased

pleased to use instruments for support and safety--- he did not need them ; you are now to know it by your own experience. Experience has now begun to teach you, that God can lay aside the most polished weapons without spoiling his work. Now you are left naked on his own hands : O ! dedicate yourselves entirely to his service. Let this capital bereavement make you realize the shortness of your own day : and lead you to begin, in earnest, to prepare for the approaching night—the night of darkness, when none can work. Ah ! how soon, from the most flattering circumstances, were you whelmed in woes beyond remedy ! How early has the fatal archer levelled his dart to thin your own numbers. Lenient were these painful alarms, compared to this. This has laid the axe to the root of the tree : and at one stroke reduced you to the mournful state of orphans ! While I feel all the agonies of sympathy with your affliction, suffer me, my dear young friends, to remind you how early your pious father devoted you to God : how precious the example he set before you : how unwearied the pains he took for your instruction : what wholesome precepts : what fervent prayers he be-

stowed on you: and how cheerfully he, at last, committed you to the care of his **LORD**! --- What then? — Then,

If any of you have indeed learnt his religion --- and begun to exercise the hope that is the anchor of the soul, here heaven calls you, now to take up your father's falling mantle --- and follow him wherein he followed the great Fore-runner and the Pilot of his course. To the Father of the fatherless I would now commend you. He is a father that cannot die. Be his children indeed. — Keep nearer than ever to him now, in obedience and communion: and nearer to each other in brotherly love. Now let your light shine. Shew the truth of your religion. Let your conversation be in heaven. Live above the creature. Be zealous and hearty in the cause of **God**; that cause which your father pleaded to the death. By every filial attention and by every tender respect, study to comfort and support your disconsolate mother, and honored grand-mother. And, choosing thus the things that are excellent, you need not fear: You shall not lack any good. The Lord will not fail

to be a father to you now---nor cease to be your portion for ever. But

IF any of you are yet out of CHRIST, to my earnest prayers for you, let me subjoin a solemn entreaty: Let me conjure you, in the name of your father's GOD, that ye delay no longer to surrender yourselves to CHRIST, and return to his service:— Why should the sacred dust of your loving father rise— mournfully to attest your guilt at yonder dreadful bar? Should you still live without GOD in the world, your pious father will be clear of your blood at that day.— But, ah! how will you bear to meet him face to face? How stand to hear him publickly rehearse all the tender admonitions—the melting tears—the ardent prayers he has spent upon you? The awful rebuke you feel this day:— the rebuke which has stripped you of so wise a parent, in the very prime of his capacity for usefulness, calls loudly for consideration. Methinks it points you back to the privileges now cut off—and forward to the day when you must reckon for them all. O, be persuaded, then, to hear the rod, and flee from the wrath to come! Hark! Loud is

the knock now at the door of your hearts ! Open it now, and CHRIST will now come in and make up in himself all you ever lost in creatures----and all you ever can.

3^{dly}. May I not bespeak the ear of the distressed BROTHERS AND SISTERS of my friend, together with their little growing trains ?

WHILE I stand before you, as a mouth for a departed relative whom ye very highly valued, you will listen as to him from whose lips many a serious and important counsel has been offered to you---but to whose friendly voice you shall never listen more.-----

It is but a little while, since it pleased the righteous Ruler of the world to snatch from your lamenting eyes a most beloved sister ; whose memory will still be dear to all her virtuous acquaintance. A short interval of respite was indulged you :--and behold another breach---wide as the sea ! Ah !---wherefore does the Lord thus contend ? Had the voice of the former call died upon the ear----and ceased to make impression ? Had your resolutions

to improve that rod become abortive? Had the fruit, which once budded on it, withered and fallen off before it was ripe? O repent, embrace an offered Saviour, and bow submission to that Almighty Sovereign; who, thus unexpectedly, has once more stripped the crown from your heads! Think, on whom of your remaining numbers must the lot, next, fall. Long has your deceased brother been preaching to you by his life—Methinks I see him this day beckon to you from his watery tomb! The power of that religion which he exemplified 'till then, you now behold him witness and display in the honest hour of death. Haste, then; pursue his steady course: follow him in all the paths of holiness---improve this call----you can hear but one louder: O! rest not; until, with equal evidences, you can adopt the emphatic language of your expiring friend, saying, as the curtain drops, “I do not meet death unprepared---nor look it in the face with terror.” And thus may you all be ready to meet, and join him on the enchanting banks of the river of the water of life; which runs thro’ the midst of the Paradise of God.

IN the 4th place, I entreat this CHURCH in general, and particularly his brethren the *ruling-elders* ; this day to enter into the most serious researches after the cause of the repeated frowns of heaven upon us. How many of our most useful members are now laid aside by infirmities of body, or of mind ? How many have lately been called away by death ? How do the ways of Zion mourn ? My brethren, should not our hearts now tremble for the ark of GOD ? On the right hand, behold a horrid groupe of errors, like their father, rearing their brazen front ---opening their mouths against heaven, and with blaspheming tongues walking through the earth--- sparing nothing sacred to GOD, or important to man ---all led on by that vain philosophy to which the preaching of the cross has ever been foolishness ;-- and abetted by that wisdom of this world which knew not GOD ! On the left, see multitudes leaving their first love----forsaking the word and ordinances of CHRIST---wearying of the services of the Sabbath and sanctuary----degenerating first into doubts---then into opposition to revealed truth---- and at last, to infidelity and indifference about any religion at all : and many of them left to fall foully,

becoming stumbling blocks in Zion---and awful examples of total and final apostacy !---In the midst, a generation of professors who love the world more than God---conform to every prevailing taste---and greedily hunt every rising fashion :---content with a name to live---making religion only a bye-business---obliging it to bend to humour, caprice, or temporal advantage---having a scanty form of godliness ; but practically denying the power thereof !---While the few names in our *Sardis*, who have not defiled their garments, are sighing for the abominations which they are daily compelled to hear : and crying, O ! that our heads were waters and our eyes fountains of tears ; that we might weep them all out for the slain of the daughter of our people !

THE signs of the times are tremendous. The voice crieth from on high, O ! earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord ! Harken now to his voice on the waters. He calls, to-day, from those ways of his which are in the deep. If these things are done on the green tree, what shall be done on the dry ? The sudden flight of so many doves to their windows bespeaks a storm at hand. O ! where are you now---who were wont to wrestle and ob-

tain the blessing? Why join ye not in concert for solemn, earnest prayer, that the Lord would suddenly come into his temple, and revive his work in the midst of the years? Did Jonah's mariners in the storm cry every man to his God? And shall christians sit still, while the ship of the church is nearly foundering? Rise, sirs---cry---wake the pilot with a *Lord, save us, we perish!* By these deaths your hands are weakened whilst the work is encreasing! Gird up, then, the loins of your minds. Lift up the hands which hang down. Work, while it is day. The night cometh!

ONE thing, however, may be mentioned for the encouragement of Zion's friends---and for the honor of Zion's God; religion has received fresh proofs by some of the instances of mortality which have lately happened among us. Here we see a tender youth, the eldest son, the darling, and the hope of a very respectable family---after a life singularly amiable---thoroughly awakened, and hopefully brought home to CHRIST in the time of a lingering illness---sweetly resigning himself to his Redeemer's hand---calm and composed, in the last moments, declaring, with lips quivering in death,

that he enjoyed the peace of God which passeth all understanding! *—There we hear a feeble, timid female, † in the jaws of death triumphing in the love of Christ---and entering the harbour with full sail!----And, in the dear friend whom we now lament, behold another's magnanimous witness for religion rising among the waves!—Let us praise the gracious Author of all good, for these renewed arguments in favor of vital piety: and O let us all rise up, and follow them to that happy shore—where glittering robes and starry crowns await the saint that overcometh!

15thy. The respectable *Gentlemen* of the *Honored MARINE SOCIETY*, who appear as mourners on this occasion, will be pleased kindly to bear with me, whilst I condole with them on the loss of a worthy member of their corporation, and one of the first founders of that useful and laudable institution.

My honored FRIENDS,

THE dear brother, whom we this day deplore, thought himself happy in his connexion with you. His loss, I know, is sensibly felt on your part:---

* *Mr. WILLIAM COOMBS*, jun. who died Jan. 7, 1785; *at* 18.

† *Mrs. MELLY SMITH*, who died Dec. 26, 1784; *at* 32.

struck off your list as he was in the midst of his usefulness. A man of his public spirit---generosity ---and readiness to every good work could not fail to please a body of your known taste---and would be an honor to any SOCIETY. Whilst your hands are weakened by the loss of five of your members in the space of fourteen months---we cannot wonder that you feel and mourn the bereavement of this day. We have, I fear, but few such mariners now to lose. May the Giver of life spare that happy few: and prosper their zealous endeavours to prosecute the worthy and generous design of your society's formation; to the great improvement of navigation—the relief of the distressed and the lasting and general emolument of mankind. May his grace prepare every member of your respected body, as well as those of the *marine fire-society*, to which our friend lately belonged, for finishing their voyage through life as he did; and for anchoring along side of him in due time, in the cælestial harbour within the veil!

6thly. The SEA-COMMANDERS in general, here present, are specially concerned in this lamented stroke. Among so respectable a class of men, I

hope there are not wanting, a goodly number, whose own experience shews that firm virtue and genuine piety are not incompatible with a mariner's calling. The character I have here set before you was an illustrious proof of this. It stands for an example to his surviving brethren;—that none may despair of maintaining all the decorum of morality, and all the honors of religious worship, among the most unruly crew; if honestly resolved to make a point of doing so. And happy, O! how happy would be the influence of such regulations on board of ships, if they should once become fashionable! To this great end, I conjure every ship-master to contribute his mite: Let not your friend's example stand alone: nor himself be constrained, at the last day, to appear a swift witness against any of you: as he surely will against those who shall continue to neglect it.

7^{thly.} Mourn, ye SAILORS all, who once were his acquaintance. Nor shall ye mourn without a cause. In this death you have suffered an essential loss. There lies the man who defended your rights — who rescued your professional character from the brand of universal impiety—and who, by his own practice pointed out to you the straight course to

heaven. O ! that you might all rise up as one man—and steer after him. Then, when your storms are numbered and finished, you would find your old friend, among the foremost, to hail, and welcome you to the port of endless joy.

8^{thly.} I would now put a period to this discourse by addressing a word, in the last place, to his beloved SHIP-MATES IN HIS LAST VOYAGE.

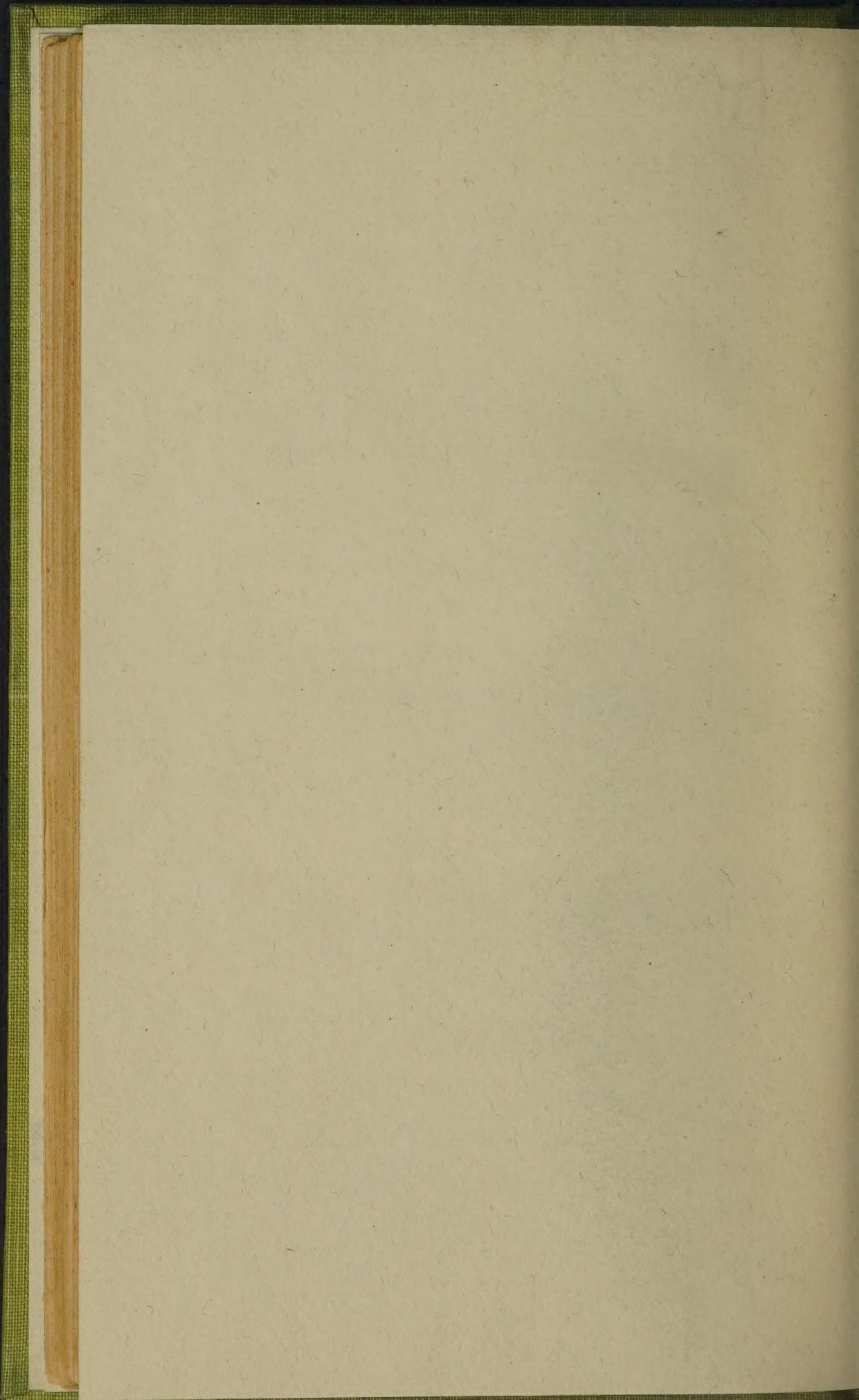
YOUR affection for your late commander—your tenderness of him in his last illness—and the grief you discovered at parting with him—do honor to your judgment and sensibility. In him you have lost a captain and a father at once : one who never failed in his care for your comfort and safety : but was doubly careful of your spiritual interests. To live so long under his eye was your great privilege. May I not hope it has left an indelible impress on your hearts—that you never will forget the advices and example he set before you—and that, allured to virtue and religion by these means, you may be jewels in his crown at the great, decisive day ? O ! consider your obligations now. Death had a commission to execute on board among you. One must be taken, and another left. Why fell not the awful

lot on you? But, if it had, where? Ah! where had this day found you? If strangers to that power of vital godliness; which, beginning in his regeneration, supported your late master in a life of holiness even to the end; you would now have been ingulphed in the lake of fire!—Yes—weeping and wailing and gnashing your teeth in an eternal night of outer darkness—-in which, nor moon, nor star should ever be found to glimmer on your tormented souls with one poor, pitiful ray!—A night of unceasing tempest should have now begun to beat upon you! The tempest of Jehovah's wrath! All his waves should roll in, and all his billows should be making a free passage over your helpless, shipwrecked souls, world without end!!!

O! then adore the merciful hand that spared you; while it laid your captain in the lowest deeps. Flee to Jesus now: pay away full scope of the cable of faith. Now cast the *anchor* of all your *hope* on CHRIST, the eternal rock; so that, like your dear deceased friend, you may find it, indeed, *an anchor of the soul*—*sure and stedfast*; first *entering* itself; and at last warping you altogether up *to that within the veil*.

A D I E U!

N. B. By a mistake in copying, the word *believers* is put for *others*, p. 31, l. 13.



1750137

